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## PEACE OVER THE PAP-BOWL.

FOX TO DONKEY.—Go on, my fat friend; there is enough for both of us! [Aside,] I'll just nibble here in his shadow. He's sure to eat himself out of popular favor pretty soon.



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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - J. S. KEPPLER  
BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN  
EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. JOHN SMITH, Central Labor Union:  
*Dear Sir*—Last week I ventured to address a few remarks to you on matters of business. The fact that you have not taken the advice of certain gentlemen from foreign countries, and have refrained from punishing me with the rifle or the dynamite cartridge for my audacity in taking an interest in your affairs, emboldens me to speak to you once again. I think if, after listening to what I said last week, you were to ask me a question, it would be: "Do you not believe in Trades-Unions?" Certainly, I "believe in" Trades-Unions. Emphatically, I believe in Trades-Unions. But I believe in the Trades-Union that protects the Trade—not in the Trades-Union that destroys it. I believe in the Trades-Union that makes honest, faithful and capable workmen, giving fair work for fair wages. I do not believe in the Trades-Union that makes idlers and brawlers and drunkards; that sends men out on strike without good and sufficient cause; that encourages boycotting and other forms of lawlessness. Such a Union is a curse to the community; a curse to the men who compose it.

Let me tell you something about Trades-Unions, Mr. Smith. I have been studying some of the official reports of Typographical Union No. 6. I choose this Union for an illustration because it is the largest, and one of the oldest, solidest and most conservative of its kind. Now let us sit down together and study over these reports. Let us see how the managers of Typographical Union No. 6 are conducting the business intrusted to them by its members. Understand, we are to take only the figures furnished us by the officers of the Union. Their reports are most unbusiness-like documents; but we will accept their statements as correct.

This Union is a protective association. It regulates the dealings of its members with their employers, supports them financially in the strikes it orders, and, at the death of a member in good standing, pays his family \$150. There is an initiation fee of \$2, and the monthly dues are fifty cents. The report issued in 1885 gives the annual receipts for 1883 and 1884. These were respectively \$24,027.55 and \$26,313.63—together \$50,341.18. The expenditures for these two years were \$50,539.85. This is not a good showing—\$196.67 to the bad. But let us see what these expenditures were. We will

take the two years. For funeral benefits and expenses, the Union paid \$9,121.68. For the relief of members on strike, \$14,800.98—in all \$23,922.66. All the rest of the money went for the expenses of the management. On the face of it, this shows that it cost \$26,398.52 to handle \$23,942.66. This does not show very well in a business way. But let us go a little further and look at some of the items among the expenditures. For donations, dues and taxes to other organizations, we find \$3,198.75. For committee service and strike account—that is, for managing strikes, not for supporting strikers—\$6,390.20. For publishing *The Boycotter*—a paper which incites workmen to illegal violence—\$1,902.98.

But let us dive a little deeper, Mr. Smith, and look at one or two particular items among the expenditures. On September 30th, 1884, \$425.00 was paid for "Expenses of Secret Committee on *Commercial Advertiser and Tribune*." This means that \$425.00 was paid to spies and agitators to stir up strikers in the offices of those papers. The strikes were made. They cost the Union \$5,483.95. There is no way out of it, Mr. Smith, this is bad business for any Union. These men did not strike of their own accord: they struck because they were practically forced to by the Union. And, by its own showing, the Union did not pay the strikers the full amount of their wages during all the period that they were out of employment. So we must add to their account the amount that the men themselves lost. Are there any means of computing the losses that idleness entails?

We could go much further into these reports, Mr. Smith, but this ought to be quite far enough to show that the workingman's interests are not always best protected by those who make a profession of serving as his friends. The reports are loose, inadequate, and often confessedly incorrect. In the statement of the auditing committee I find the following paragraph: "In fact, the constitutional check system provided by the Union seems to have afforded little or no check, the committee finding no evidence that a thorough examination of the receipts and expenditures at the Secretary's office was made by any officers or committee."

"In fact," Mr. Smith, the whole business has been grossly mismanaged. We do not say that there was any dishonesty among the officers of the Union. God forbid that we should think

## A MARRIED GUY FAWKES.



WIFE.—I wonder what kind of powder would be best for baby?  
HUSBAND.—Gun-powder.

that one workingman could rob another. But was ever fifty thousand dollars so frittered away? Nine thousand, one hundred and twenty-one dollars in payments to the families of dead members—over forty-one thousand for getting up and sustaining conflicts between employer and employed! And at the end of all this statement comes the announcement that it does not include a general indebtedness of \$1,591.87. And what has the member of the Union gained? The benefit of the insurance on his life? Hardly. Six dollars a year would be a pretty heavy premium for one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of insurance on a healthy man's life, in the most extravagant company in the United States. Any one of the mutual benefit associations can give a man who is fit to be insured better rates than \$40.00 a thousand.

But the workingman's wages are increased by the efforts of the Union. Are they? How many years is it since this very Typographical Union No. 6 was paid 55 cents per thousand ems? And in 1885 the officers congratulate themselves on the fact that 40 and 46 cents are paid. Members of that same Union got 55 cents thirteen years ago. Is this what the Union has done for them?

Certainly, I believe in Trades-Unions, Mr. Smith. But I do not believe in a Trades-Union like this—and this is one of the best you have at present. The trouble is that almost all the Unions—the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a noble exception—have fallen into the power of demagogues and professional agitators, whose business it is to establish an antagonism between the workingman and his employer. These men have succeeded most thoroughly. To-day, the workingman and the man who pays for his work look upon each other as enemies. The employer does not dare to treat his employees as well as he might, because if he did, they, regarding him as an enemy, would accept his justice and generosity as a confession of weakness and fear, and would demand further concessions of an unreasonable sort. And the workingman, holding his employer as his foe, has no regard for the employer's interests; but takes every opportunity to get the advantage of him. And in the fight that naturally results, the workingman naturally suffers. You may say that this state of things is not brought about by the men who are to-day at the head of your Trades-Unions. But, Mr. Smith, can you explain why some of your fellow-workingmen let these men charge them twenty-six thousand dollars for paying them twenty-three thousand dollars of their own money? Please tell me; and believe that, though I do not ask you for a single cent, I am  
Your friend,

PUCK.

The Republican lamb—he is a lamb just at present—lies down with the Democratic lion, and both of them feed out of the same dish when the River and Harbor Bill pours forth its millions of government pap. What new thing is there to be said of this old iniquity? It is just the same to-day as it has been in years past—a gross, shameless steal of the public money, to be divided up, all over the country, among the local henchmen whose "influence" sends men to Congress. The guilt is evenly divided between Republicans and Democrats. The shame of it falls upon the whole country. Even the bitterest of partisan newspapers condemn this piece of jobbery. It is as bad as the so-called "business" of the New York Board of Aldermen. Some day it will turn out to be as unwholesome for those concerned in it as the "Aldermanic business" was for the Aldermen.





# THE WALKING-DELEGATE'S STATEMENT.

**P**RIVATELY, between us, it is four years since I relinquished the delights of earning my beer and potatoes by the sweat of my brow. Until that time I had adorned the hod-carrying profession, and to this day might have remained in it, had not a trifling incident shaped for me a larger career. A gang of us were working in Harlem for a man who one day took it into his head to get a machine for carrying bricks and mortar. Of course a lot of men, including me, were laid off. I raised the cry of "Boycott the Steam Paddy!" and organized a strike. In consequence of our action, the boss could not fulfill his contract. He lost all he had. His proud family were dragged from there luxurious flat near Central Park to tenement quarters, and he committed suicide. Encouraged by our success, other hod-carriers struck, and a union was formed, of which I became walking-delegate.

Now I am an example of the benefits of organized labor. Though I am not rich (don't we all glory in our poverty, fellow-workers?) I have more money than before, and live in better style. This is quite proper, for the representative of a mighty power should worthily support his position. I am in correspondence with the leaders of other trades, and my heart swells to note the progress we bread-winners are making.

The Amalgamated Puddlers, of Pittsburgh, write that they have struck for five dollars and five hours a day, with an hour for lunch and a plentiful supply of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Brave fellows, hold out to the bitter end! To sordid mediocrity it may seem that the quality of the soap is a non-essential. True, one don't value soap for its own sake; but, brethren, we fight for a principle, and if we content ourselves with common brown bar-soap, the heel of the tyrant is on our necks.

Elastic Skin Men's Union No. 76 has struck against the grinding despotism of certain dime-museum managers. These industrious and over-worked freaks get but fifty dollars per week, and are required to put the skin of their chests over their heads at each performance. They demand fifty dollars a week, and refuse to let spectators stretch their ears. Contortionists' Union No. 13 and Snake Charmers' Agglomeration No. 5½ will support the elastic skin men, in case of a strike.

From West Broadway comes the news that Einstein, Blumenthal & Co. have placed a man who chews tobacco at the head of their pill-box factory.

With the approval of the Centrifugal Union, Lodge No. 12 of the Young Lady Pill-Box-Makers' League has picketed the shop.

You may imagine how I rejoice when I get such tidings as these; but I was not prepared for the rapturous surprise contained in the following letter:

My Dear Sir:

Let me congratulate you upon the brilliant success of your *début* as a labor reformer. I congratulate also those for whom your efforts have done so much, and I beg your good offices for my own trade. Dear Mr. McGuffe, organize us. We need it, as I can show you in a few words. I know a prima-donna of some fame who actually sings for five thousand dollars a night. That is not all. When she appears in concert, and is *encored*, she does *not* respond with "Suwanee River" nor "Annie Laurie." On one occasion, after an aria from "Le Prophète," she sang "O mio Fernando." Even this is not the worst. The manager of this infamous woman was on the verge of bankruptcy, (serves him right, for engaging such a creature), and what do you suppose she did? It is almost too dreadful to be written, but the truth must be told. *She went to him and offered to release him from his contract with her.* Things like this are likely to happen any day, and, as a result, music will be within the reach of everybody. Mushroom sopranos spring up so fast that there is no longer any money in "Lucia," "Leonora" and "Rosina." My domestic affairs are not half so well advertised as they used to be. Year by year the interviews with me as I come up New York Bay grow shorter. A callous indifference to the cut of my costumes and the health of my poodles is manifested on every hand. Nothing can remedy these great evils but organization. We appeal to you. Boycott scab lyric artists, and hurrah for Prime-Donne's Protective Association No. 1!

Yours, 'way above the staff,

A—L—A P—TI.

The big hat of a woman in the orchestra now ahead of us seems larger than the entire proscenium. So troubles that are near us shut out those in the distance. But, glorious A—l—a, we will not forget you. Wheel into line with your transparency, and non-union "Traviatas" must go.

DANIEL MCGUFFE,

*Walking-Delegate.*

## AMPLIFIED "ADS".—No. IV.



SITUATION WANTED.—A respectable girl, lately landed, wants a place as wet nurse.

## The Quarrel of the Luminaries.



SUN.—Luna, you have been a faithful employee for a long time, and I feel like doing something to better your condition. What say you to shorter hours?

MOON.—I don't object to the hours, Mr. Sol; but I would like—ah—rays.

SUN.—Oho! This comes of your association with the Nights of Labor. Next you'll be wanting to "arbitrate differences," I suppose. Humph!

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

ALL OLD MASTERS are boss painters; but all boss painters are not old masters.

SAMSON WAS undoubtedly a very strong man; but John L. Sullivan can beat him on science.

SUMMER WILL soon be here, and then we can damn the other end of the thermometer. Who would be a thermometer?

IT REQUIRES a million years to form a coal-bed one hundred feet thick, and yet people complain about the price.

BOSTON IS reported as suffering from a cent famine. Boston's philanthropy, after all, can't be so large as some people suspect.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN forty years of age who never made a political speech is on exhibition in a Bowery dime-museum.

TWO EMPLOYEES of Barnum's circus have been dismissed for profanity. Next season Barnum is to open his show with prayer.

ADONIS DIXEY, at his farewell banquet, assured his hearers that he would be back in four months. Otherwise the affair passed off very pleasantly.

DO ANTS live in the ground?  
Red ants do not.  
They live in the sugar-box.  
How do they get in?  
?



There are ten thousand ways to get rid of them; but the best way is to promote happiness by reading PICKINGS FROM PUCK. Price, twenty-five cents.

## HE HAD GOT HOLD OF AN OLD NEWSPAPER.



"During the severe cold weather of the past week several people were frozen to death in various parts of the country." Why, it's been hot as blazes for two weeks! When will these newspapers stop lying?"



"This evening 'Lohengrin' will be given at the Metropolitan Opera-House." What on earth do they mean? The Metropolitan Opera-House has been closed ever so long!"



"Fashionable society is just recovering from the festivities of the holiday season." Is, eh? Well, it takes fashionable society a good long while to recover, that's all!"

## HIS RECORD.

WHEN old Farmer Shorthorn read that the Holstein heifer Constance had a record of eighty-five pounds of milk a day, his eyes gave a shrewd twinkle, and he said:

"I'll bate five hunderd dollars thet my ol' breendle keow Dowie kin beat that, come neow!"

The wager was taken. Farmer Shorthorn drove to town, and returned with a hundred-pound keg of white lead. He mixed this with a little meal, and put it in the cow's feed-box. A few hours after she had eaten it, he called in the neighbors, and, in their presence, went through the process of milking. As the yield was only an eight-quart pailful, the man he had bet against was greatly delighted, and demanded his money on the spot.

"You jest hol' on, neow," said Farmer Shorthorn, dryly: "ketch holt here, an' le's carry it deown to the grocery an' put it on the scales."

His opponent stooped to grasp the pail, and as he essayed to lift it, a look of wonder overspread his face. He realized that he had lost. The "milk" was found to weigh just ninety-five pounds and five ounces. Farmer Shorthorn pocketed the five hundred dollars, and gave his house two coats of the identical lead that had assisted the cow.

EKE YOUNG.

NEW YORK CITY is said to have more prominent men than any other city in the Union. We always used to pride ourselves on this distinction, but of late we would be willing to transfer the glory elsewhere.



"Married.—Johnson—Thompson. At the residence of the bride's parents, last evening, Mr. Eli Johnson to Miss Mary Thompson. No cards. No cards! Well, I should think not. Why, that wedding took place last winter, and I was there myself."

## HIS OMELETTE.

HIS head was swollen to such an extent that he carried his hat in his hand. Finally he hung it on a peg in the restaurant, and took a seat at the table. His eyes were red, his hair was mussed, and he had the general appearance of a man who had overslept himself in a rain-storm. The waiter stood by to receive his order.

"Give me an omelette," he said.

In the course of ten minutes it was put before him. He eyed it for a while, and suddenly grabbed his hair with both hands, and shrieked in a frenzied manner:

"Take it away, take it away!"

And in trying to back off from it his chair tipped over, and he commenced rolling around on the floor, and trying to bury his face in the carpet.

"Take it away, take it away!" he again shouted.

He was finally hustled out, and another breakfast asked the proprietor:

"What was the matter with that fellow?"

"D. T.," replied the saloonist.

"And why was he afraid of the omelette?"

"Oh," replied the saloonist, with a smile: "he thought it was made of snake-eggs."



"What is the date of this paper, anyway?"



"JANUARY THIRD!!"

## EXCELLENT RECOMMENDATIONS.

MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE (to girl applying for position).—I suppose you have good references?

SERVANT.—Indeed I have, Ma'am. I was in my last place three years, and they gave me a time allowance of nine months for good behavior.

## A TRUE SAYING.

"FOOLS RUSH in where angels fear to tread." This is especially true when the angel has had a dress-maker in the room all day, the floor is strewn with pins, and some one is obliged to get up in the night and put coal on the fire. Generally the fool does it, while the angel lies abed.

## WAS EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

"SO, PAT, she's dead at last?" "As a bucket, Mike; iver since last Chewsday."

"How did she die, Pat—asey like?"

"Beautiful, Mike; jist as asey— It's a proud man I was on Chewsday, upon me sowl, it was."



## PHILOSOPHY ON ONE LEG.

IN A small town not a thousand miles from New York lives an old man with only one leg. The lost member was bitten off by a shark while its owner was bathing at Rockaway some twenty years ago; but he draws a regular pension, the Government believing that he left the missing leg on Lookout Mountain.

The only thing about this man that is at all peculiar is the fact that he feels thankful for having lost his leg. He also claims that he would rather have one leg than two, and that to be supremely happy and feel that life is worth living, one should have but a single leg.

Animals with four legs he simply regards with pity, while a daddy long-legs makes him weep. The arguments of this man are about as odd as they are amusing. He loves trees and lamp-posts because they stand alone, and represent the soundness of his one-leg theory. A saw-buck is foul to his nostrils. He will never purchase more than one leg of mutton or one pig's foot at a time.

He once insulted a man grossly for offering to present him with a wooden leg. He said he would rather have no legs at all than two legs, and then wanted to know why a bird will persist in standing on one leg when it has two. On the same principle that two heads are better than one, he claims that one leg is better than two.

This kind of philosophy is, no doubt, consoling to the one-legged man, and if he really feels what he says, he is fortunate.

He will not use a crutch. He says he can get along well enough on his one leg. He claims that is the natural manner of locomotion, and offers in strength of this argument the fact that a boy, in learning to skate, always begins on one foot. If it were easier and more natural to strike out on two, why does the boy begin differently?

This man has the strength of two legs in one, and he can go up or down-stairs in two hops. He frequently plays foot-ball with his boys out in the back-yard. When he reaches the ball on the hop and lets his leg out, of course the whole weight of his body is behind it, and he generally goals the ball, and it is conceded on all sides that he is the hop-Scotch champion of his

neighborhood. He is as sure-footed with his one foot as a goat is with its four.

When a vagrant dog comes into the yard seeking what he may devour, he generally goes out with a yell about five times as sharp as his appetite. The man, by not stooping to pick up a stone, inspires the dog with confidence, and, noticing that the man has but one leg, he doesn't fear to venture nearer. All the time he is venturing nearer, the one-legged man is drawing a bead on him. Suddenly a foot sings through the air with a zip, and the next instant the dog is high in the branches, commingling his bark with that of the tree [B. C. 9], and wondering if he really is a dog, or a brindled squirrel struggling with a hallucination.

It is amusing to see him digging in the garden. He sets the spade in place like a hen [*pardon-moi*], holds it firmly with his hands, then leaps suddenly into the air and comes down on it with his foot, and drives it into the earth to the hilt. He can also rake and plow, these agricultural implements enabling him to balance himself when holding them. He is such a hard kicker that when he loses his balance in kicking, he simply turns a somersault, and lands on his foot in perfect safety.

He saves a great deal on clothing. When he buys a pair of trousers, he has them split in half, each leg constituting what he calls a trouser or pant [slang]. In purchasing shoes he goes into partnership with a man living a short distance up the road. This man has but one foot, the other having been taken off at the ankle in a railway accident. One has a right foot and the other a left, so that one pair of shoes satisfies the needs of both. The only trouble they ever have in the matter of shoes is that one is harder on foot-gear than the other, and the man whose shoe is worn out first has to wait until his partner is ready to invest.

Our one-legged friend is as merry as a lark. He is now learning to hop on a tight-rope with the aid of a pole. That is, he is practising hopping along the top of a picket-fence. There are more hops in this man in ten minutes than there are in two kegs of beer in ten years. Pardon! He's as happy as a king, although on his last leg.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.



MONEY SOMETIMES makes the mare go; but it oftener holds her back to about third place.

THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY, when in this country, poses as an English nobleman in New York, and as a pugilist in Boston. The natural result is he is overwhelmed with attention in both places.

WHEN HERR MOST was taken from the court to the Tombs he was handcuffed to a thief. In addition to this the thief got seven years.

THE GREEK STATESMAN Papamichalopoulos is still anxious for a fight. He should turn a Gatling-gun on his sponsors in baptism.

IT IS SAID that Henry Irving is sitting on a Liverpool dock, with a shot-gun between his knees, waiting for Adonis Dixey.

HERR MOST, when arrested, would have taken to his heels but a detective had hold of each one of them.

THERE'S MANY a slip 'twixt the Polo-Grounds and the championship.

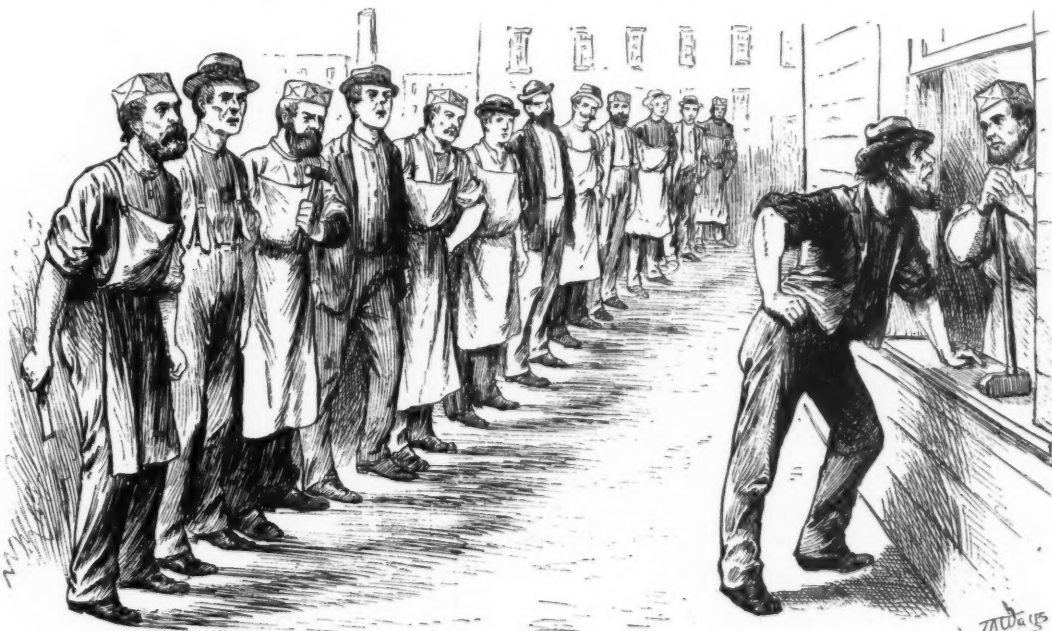
ONE THING can be said in favor of the *Waverly Magazine*. It contains no war articles.

THE NOTORIOUS Astie de Valsayre has challenged Miss Catherine Booth, of the Salvation Army, to fight a duel. Scissors and coffee for two.

WHY ARE the Aldermen called City Fathers, Archibald? Why, because they ought to be a little father up the river. Give us a less difficult one, please.



## THE TAIL END OF THE STRIKING BUSINESS.



WALKING-DELEGATE.—Say, ain't you going to join us? We've got everybody else out on strike, except you.  
PLAIN, ORDINARY WORKING-MAN.—But what's going to become of my wife and children?  
W. D.—Why, we'll take care of them out of the subscriptions of the men still in employment.  
P. O. W.—But if there aren't any men left in employment?  
W. D.—Holy smoke! We hadn't thought of that!

## SWEET MALARIA.

MALARIA, Malaria, Sweet, loving, true Malaria, Scott Way and naughty R. K. M. Have slandered thee, Malaria! But we are friends—I love thee well. What tongue or lips can ever tell The fun we've found in swamp and dell 'Mid Jersey's watery area? Gentle acher—merry shaker— Patron of the undertaker— I sing thy praise, Malaria! Ah! faithful friend, Malaria, 'T was not in far Bavaria, Nor Hunter's Point, nor Harlem Flats, Nor Jersey's vast aquaria, That first I shook in terror wild Till buildings, seven stories piled, Tottered and trembled like a child, Half frantic with hysteria! Nay—I solicit for my deficit Pardon that I have chanced to miss it— I've never had malaria! Then why, O sweet Malaria, Sing I thy praise, if nary a Shake I've had in fields of rye And fragrant Antennaria? Ah! "thereby hangs a tale." You see, When first you stood revealed to me, Your victim paid his doctor's fee To me, my dear Malaria; For my position is physician To those who have malaria; To peddle quinine is my mission; And, since thou betterest my condition, I love thee, sweet Malaria, Sweet, loving, true Malaria!

## HE WAS USED TO IT.

"Oh, yes," remarked Mr. Somerville, the returned missionary: "Oh, yes. I have been around the world several times, and I have seen about all there is of life in foreign countries."

"I suppose," interrupted young Mr. Mackam: "that you have met with a great many thrilling adventures?"

"Yes, indeed, I have," returned the traveler, warming up at the recollection: "Several years ago," he continued, settling himself back in his chair, preparatory to beginning a lengthy narrative: "I had charge of a church in Cerra Snowden, in Central Africa. We had about one hundred natives in our congregation, among whom was the reigning monarch. One day I had the misfortune to preach against the custom of polygamous marriages, which was at that time a royal pastime highly esteemed."

"How very impolitic!" interrupted Mr. Mackam.

"I was at once placed in custody," continued the narrator, without noticing the interruption: "and the high council deliberated regarding my fate, for I was doomed to death the first six minutes of the conference. It was at last decided that I should be killed and the impious words taken out of my mouth, and in that bloodthirsty manner."

"How beastly awkward!" interjected Mr. Mackam, feelingly, but rudely.

"Bloodthirsty manner," continued Mr. Somerville: "and preparations were begun for my execution."

"That must have been very embarrassing. Of course, they didn't kill you?" interposed Mr. Mackam, sympathetically.

"You are wrong, my young friend," observed Mr. Somerville, wearily: "entirely wrong. They killed me; but," he added, as he noticed the look of horror come over his listener's face: "I am so accustomed to having the words taken out of my mouth that I didn't mind it in the least."

## OUT OF THEIR PROPER COURSE.

COUNTRY GROOM.—What's in them red dishes, Mariar?

BRIDE.—Sh! William. They're finger-bowls.

GROOM.—What are they fer?

BRIDE.—To wash the hands in.

GROOM.—Huh! why didn't they bring 'em in fust-off, then, an' not wait till a man's all through his dinner?

## WE NEVER SPEAK.

WE NEVER speak as we pass by, Although a tear bedims his eye; I know he thinks of when he wrote His name across my three months' note.

## HIGH ART BELOW-STAIRS.



PATRON.—So you need help?

TRAMP.—Yes, indeed; I am out of work; my clothes are in rags, my feet nearly bare.

P.—I am sorry; I pity you. If I help you now, what return can you make that I may see you are grateful—what can you do?

T.—Well, sir, I can do most anything. I see you have a fine pianner. If you like music, I can play you the whole of Beethoven's five symphonies from memory.

P. (*astonished*).—Is't possible!

T.—Yes, sir; and if you admire painting, I can sketch your face so well you will be proud of it.

P. (*dumbfounded*).—Is't possible!

T.—Yes, sir; and if you fancy sculpture, I'll model your bust in clay in no time.

P.—But—

T.—'Scuse me! Now I'll give you the symphony for a suit of clothes, or the painting for some under-clothing; and I'll throw in the bust business for a pair of shoes—

P.—But, great heavens! if you can do all these things, why are you poor?

T.—That's the rub, sir; I am not as rich as you by a long shot, not by any means. But so far I have done pretty well on my stock in hand. I have raised seventy-two suits of clothes and four overcoats on the symphony, and sold 'em at good prices; on the sculpture business I got over one hundred and fifty pairs o' shoes, and on the—

But his patron had flown.

M. H. B.

## A RELIABLE WITNESS.



COUNSEL (*on cross-examination*).—What is your age, Madam?

WITNESS.—Forty-seven, sir.

COUNSEL.—Married or single?

WITNESS.—Single. I never had an offer of marriage in my life; and, if it is of any interest to the Court, I don't mind saying that I've worn false teeth for nearly thirty years.

COUNSEL.—H-m. That is all, Madam. There is no use trying to shake the direct testimony of as truthful a woman as you are.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—You can buy a good bicycle for a hundred dollars. A doctor will set one of your legs for fifteen dollars, or two for twenty-five dollars.

TAX-PAYER.—We know of no law by which you could make your neighbor quit trying to play on the concertina; but you can move to the next county, or buy a dog that enjoys hearing himself howl.

R. B. H., Ohio.—The man who sold you a cow under the verbal guarantee that she would give down milk-punch under a prescribed course of high feeding has basely deceived you. Yes, you are right in keeping the matter from Lucy.

VERITAS.—Yes; by means of a powerful microscope you can see many interesting wriggling things in spring-water, and even more in river-water; but even pure Kentucky whiskey has its worm, and you will gain nothing by changing your drink at your time of life.

YOUNG STUDENT.—The mint-julep is a native of the South, where it flourishes from June till September. It is easily domesticated, and is winning in its manners; but strangers should not be too familiar with it, as it is extraordinarily strong for its size, and among people new to its ways has been known to cause a riot.

AMOS.—We know of no king who is in want of a hired fool who has just loaded himself with the contents of a fifteen-cent joke-book. Every king is his own fool in these times, when econo-

my must be observed in order that the throne may be whitewashed once a year. If we were personally acquainted with a king in Central Africa who could enjoy you, properly served, we would be glad to give you a letter of introduction to him. You can buy a Newfoundland dog for about seventy-five dollars, and after you have fed him a week you will sell him for one dollar and fifty cents on time, if you can.

## 'SUFFICIENT GROUNDS FOR ASSAULT.

WIFE (*looking over the paper*).—I see that an organ-grinder has been assaulted in Montreal.

HUSBAND.—Who assaulted him?

WIFE.—No name is given. The paper simply says an American gentleman.

HUSBAND.—Why did he assault him?

WIFE.—For playing "Home, Sweet Home."

## JUST AT PRESENT.

THE BLUE-JAY squawks upon the tree, The lambkin gambols in the lea, And the rasping circus-band Is heard throughout this great broad land,



# A Timely Study in Combinations.



The Sick Alderman. The Boodle. The Combination.

## SPRING ITEMS.

(From the Wayback Morning-Glory.)

ANDREW TRUSTFUL started from home last week in a burst of glorious spring sunshine and a pair of linen trousers. He was an affectionate husband, a kind and indulgent father, and an upright citizen. His funeral took place yesterday, and was largely attended.

Some misguided person put nine cats in our back-yard last Saturday night, all of which have a startled look out of the eyes, and are total strangers to us. We have tried to be a faithful servant to this community, and have had many evidences that our labors are being appreciated; but we want to say right here that anonymous contributions, especially cats, are not wanted. Furs are going out of season.

Mrs. Mary Ann Mulligan, one of our oldest subscribers, laid a dozen eggs on our table the other day, of the Shanghai variety. Later on we incidentally discovered that several of the eggs had been set on a little too long for omelettes, and not quite long enough for healthy chickens; but we presume that this was an inadvertence on the part of Mrs. Mulligan, who is a Christian woman and a faithful friend to the heathen.

John Q. Crape, our polite and gentlemanly undertaker, has just given his hearse a brand-new spring coat of varnish, which makes the nobby vehicle shine like a thing of beauty and a joy forever. He took us a short excursion in the country on it the other day, when we were pleased to see the crops looking so well. Mr. Crape's spring advertisement will be found in another column. His work has always been highly satisfactory to his customers. We have yet to hear the first complaint.

The examination of Deacon Ebenezer Smith by his brethren resulted yesterday in his acquittal. Deacon Smith confessed to having used language unbecoming a deacon and a parent; but when he showed that his unseemly conduct had grown out of his having put on his spring trousers, in which a lot of long red wasps had dreamed away the inclement winter, and which woke up after he had buttoned his suspenders, the vote for his acquittal was unanimous. Deacon Smith has the sympathy of the entire community.

A wayfarer called at our home yesterday with a look of extreme woe and emptiness about him. He touched our sympathies, and cleaned out our week's stock of family supplies. But when we took him to the wood-pile and introduced him to some hickory logs and an axe, he burst in tears, and said he had not expected this of a brother journalist, and that his physician had forbidden him working after a hearty meal. He went away weeping. If another empty brother journalist comes this way, he will find us at the gate with a shot-gun.

Our old friend George W. Washington killed

the first snake of the season while going home from Wayback yesterday. He reports that it was of the racer variety, and measured forty-nine feet from the tip of its tail to its nose. Mr. Washington has been a reader of our paper for thirteen years, and we have the utmost confidence in his veracity. **LATER.**—Since the above was put in type, we learn that Mr. Washington took two drinks of bottled cider before leaving Wayback yesterday. Wayback being a prohibition town, we now deduct forty-seven feet from the length of that snake for the cider. We still trust Mr. Washington; but our faith is weak in Wayback cider.

The riot at the residence of our worthy and esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. John K. Dobbins, last Wednesday morning, was much exaggerated by common report. The particulars of the affair, as near as we are able to glean them, are as follows: Tuesday being the sort of spring day that poets sing of—gentle zephyrs fanning the budding boughs, the sun in all its brilliancy giving thrilling touches to dormant Nature, the birds filling the air with glad snatches of song, and all that sort of thing—Mr. Dobbins took his sitting-room stove out of commission and carried it to the attic. Wednesday morning there was a foot of snow on the ground, and, after dressing by the kitchen range while making some extemporaneous remarks about gentle spring, Mr. Dobbins went to the attic to fetch back the sitting-room stove. Being in an excited frame of mind, he slipped with the stove at the top of the stairs, and the race to the bottom was extremely thrilling. Mr. Dobbins says the stove rolled over him nineteen times coming down, but this seems like exaggeration. The excitement for a time was intense, of course, and Mr. Dobbins's extemporaneous remarks on gentle spring were loud and forcible; but the calling out of the fire department and militia was premature and not necessary to the public safety. Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Dobbins is out again, on crutches.

SCOTT WAY.

## TIPS ON TOPMOST TOPICS.

THEY SAY the reason the Southern men wear their hair long is to protect their necks from getting burned by the sun. If our Southern brothers would pattern after the Northern custom and wear collars, they would soon overcome this trouble, and boom the barbers at the same time.



FEMALE MEMBERS of the Salvation Army in Bristol, Conn., throw Cayenne pepper in the faces of ruffians who annoy them. It is just such Christianity as this that makes the majority of people love themselves better than their neighbors.

THE RECENT base-ball riot in Brooklyn during the game between the local team and that of St. Louis should prove that umpires ought to wear at least a catcher's mask while performing their unenviable duties.

THE LATE Plin White's confidence specialty was to get dry-goods on credit, sell them, and depart with the receipts. Plin might have been appropriately called a linen duster.

LAST WEEK there was no new comet discovered, and there wasn't a fresh tea-pot revolution started in Hayti. But the "Mets" won a game of ball.

IF BEAUTY is only skin-deep, what beautiful creatures the rhinoceros and elephant must be!

## This Old Gentleman Wanted to Reduce His Weight.



His doctor ordered him to run around his garden for twenty minutes before breakfast every day. This shows him doing it, assisted by the small boys of the neighborhood.



SUPRE

[A Free Adaptation of the Pic



PUCK.



SUPREMACY!

Adaptation of the Picture by Stanley Berkley.]

## HE WAS PARTICULAR.

IT WAS high noon in a down-town restaurant. That period of noon when the merry clatter of thick coffee-cups and lead spoons is most visible to the naked ear.

A tall, thin man, with a valise and a melancholy yellow dog, sauntered in with a I-own-the-earth-and-a-portion-of-Jersey-City sort of demeanor, and was cordially welcomed by a sylph-like waiter, who politely wafted him to a table in the precincts over which he presided.

The tall, thin man handed the waiter his valise, umbrella, overcoat, rubbers, in their respective order, and tied the dog to the leg of the table. After running his fingers through his long hair, he proceeded to throw his whole soul into the bill-of-fare.

The keen eye of the waiter saw here a chance for a little politic generosity, and immediately commenced to crowd the dog's anatomy full of meat, chicken-legs, etc.

The dog was almost beside himself with this unseemly attention, and to show his honest appreciation he wagged his tail against the leg of the table so hard that all of the waiters in the place mistook it for some one calling them, causing no end of confusion.

The waiter was now calmly waiting for the order, and making miniature bets with himself as to the proportions of the fee he would get, and what disposition he would make of it. His sunny reverie was rudely interrupted by a query from the tall, thin man, relative to the quality of terrapin-soup. He then inquired as to the culinary ability of the cook in producing a palatable tenderloin steak and mushrooms.

After being informed that he was the finest in the land, he made some remarks about broiled chicken and reed-birds, both of which the waiter promised would be produced in the same preëminently eminent style. He then turned to the wine-list, and was assured that they kept only the finest brands.

The waiter couldn't possibly have been more surprised had some one returned a borrowed umbrella than when the tall, thin man calmly said: "Well, I guess you can bring me some cold oatmeal and milk; and, say, just wrap up a little dog-meat in a piece of paper."

When the waiter went to the kitchen to get the order, he filled it so full of oaths that it sounded like two Sunday-school superintendents arguing over a game of euchre.

W. C. G.

A CONNECTICUT MAN has invented a contrivance which is attached to a churn and to a wagon-axle in such a way that the motion of the wagon makes it revolve and do all the churning. If this machine had received its test on New York City milk, it would have proved a complete failure.

## SHE WAS MILITARY, TOO.

SHE.—How did you amuse yourself this afternoon, Mr. Brown?

YOUNG COLLEGIAN.—I went down to the gymnasium to see our new battery practise.

SHE.—Oh, won't you please take me with you some time? I'm awfully interested in such things, for, you know, papa is a major in the artillery.



## JOHN BULL PAINTING "THE TOWN."



ANOTHER SCHOONER WILL BE THE DEATH OF HIM.

## THE WHISTLING BOY.

HE WAS only four years old when he began to whistle, and his friends all kissed him and said: "Oh, how cunning! Where did he learn? Who taught him?" It was so pretty to watch the little mouth screw itself together, and the dimples play over the chubby cheeks, as the whistle was prepared. The tune—there wasn't much of that; neither was there much noise. And how it did amuse the dear child!

But the child grew, so did the whistle, and by the time the boy had reached eight years of age, the neighbors said something must be done; his grandmother said something must be done; his parents said something must be done; his teacher said something must be done; and for two whole years every one said something must be done.

For all this time the boy whistled. The tune had not grown so much, but the voice was strong and vigorous. Beautiful summer days the neighbors would long for the rough winds and furnace heat of winter, because then the windows could be closed. His grandmother sent away her audiphone to the Old Ladies' Home. His parents sighed when they heard a new organ-man come into town, and asked each other: "Will this be as bad as 'Sweet Violets' or 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By'?" Once his school-teacher gave him this sentence to write in his copy-book: "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

Afterward she wished it had been anything else. He was so busy trying the practical effect of the words, that it was a week before one page was written, and it was not comforting. Well, something did happen. How? Don't ask me. I only know it did. There is quiet and peace in that household now, and the neighbors rejoice in the spring.

Don't you remember the grand race that took place last September between the yachts the *Puritan* and the *Genesta*? Didn't you look at the charts every day when the daily papers came? Perhaps you did not see either of the boats, and you might not have understood how they were going if you had, but you must have seen the *Whistling Buoy*, for there he was every day, right in the middle of the map.

Somehow a "u" had crept into his name, and they spelled it with a big "W" and a big "B." That, of course, was only his print you saw there. He really is out in the water, fastened securely to the rocks underneath, yet with freedom enough to dance merrily up and down with the waves; and sunny days and cloudy days, through rain and storm, and fog and wind, there he must stay, whistling, whistling, whistling.

There isn't much tune even yet; but fishermen and sailors are glad to hear the shrill notes give warning of dangerous rocks hidden under the water, and every one agrees that there never was a better place for a whistling buoy.

Will he ever come back? Perhaps. There are always more whistling boys growing up, and this one may have his whistle broken, or he may learn a whole tune; surely, then he will be set at liberty, and he may come home and some time be a college-student.

L. B. DAY.



## A GRAVE PROTEST.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

I am a professional ghost. I have been in the business for two hundred years, and, although young, as ghosts go, may reasonably assume that I have had time to acquire the secrets of the trade. It would be a gross violation of professional etiquette, notwithstanding the assurances of spiritualists and theosophists, for me to write you a letter, as written communication between us and clay-enclosed spirits is strictly forbidden, had not circumstances made an exception in this case.

The presiding elder of your community—who is not Adam, as orthodox religion would have you believe, but a gentleman who lived long before Adam—called a special meeting last week, immediately after reading the *May Century*. In stating the object of the meeting, he paid a warm tribute to Brander Matthews, whose career he said he had watched with a great deal of interest, having rejoiced when the gentleman stopped writing poetry, and having seen with pleasure his ascent into that proud position where the *Commercial Advertiser* hailed him as one of the acknowledged masters of the art of writing short stories. We, too, rank him just as highly, and if he knew how much pleasure he afforded us poor ghosts, he would refrain from doing anything to hurt our feelings.

Our meeting was called for the purpose of making a protest, and I was unanimously chosen to break our professional silence and voice the sentiment of our disembodied community on this subject. I am compelled, therefore, to say that the United Brotherhood of Ghosts has serious fault to find with Brander Matthews, F. R. Stockton, Julian Hawthorne, F. Marion Crawford, Andrew Lang, and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Our objections are based on these grounds: We are plain, ordinary ghosts, doomed for a certain time to walk the night, while we spend the day in that unpleasant sin-purging process to which the spirit of Hamlet's father made such a happy reference. We are a quiet, peaceable class of beings, and have no desire to interfere in the business of any man or woman. We do occasionally appear to persons whose consciences need stirring up, but we do it always in the same way. Shakspeare thoroughly understood us. The spirits of the King of Denmark and of Julius Cæsar are true ghosts.

You will not be surprised, therefore, that we should object to having ourselves misrepresented so remarkably as we have been by the authors named. It is all very well for Mr. Matthews to represent us as sitting down to dinner with a lot of common mortals, just because we were invited by mistake. Mr. Matthews underrates our intelligence very much if he supposes that we would not be instantly aware of the fact that a blunder had been committed. And still more: Mr. Matthews should know that no respectable ghost would calmly sit at a dinner-table and listen to his wife's second husband publicly abusing her like the contemptible cad that he was. No, Mr. Editor, any respectable ghost would have appeared to that man at once and frightened him into becoming conduct—or the street.

As for Mr. Stockton, he seems to take delight in making us out to be a company of comedians. Well, sir, we have comedians among us, but they are not in that line of business now. It is a very serious matter to be a ghost, Mr. Editor, as Mr. Stockton will some day discover to his sorrow. The world which we inhabit is not—well, “but that I am forbid,” etc. Shakspeare knew that, too. Mr. Stockton has a good deal to learn before he will know as much as Shakspeare, even about ghosts.

Mr. Crawford has been guilty of one of the unkindest misrepresentations of our guild that

## HE LIVED IN NEW JERSEY.



“Let me see, what does Wordsworth say on the pleasures of rural life?”



“Jee-whit—\*!!—(?)!—Wow!!!”

has ever found its way into print. He wrote a story, which was printed in a collection called “The Broken Shaft,” and in which he described a dreadful thing. This thing entered a vessel through a closed port-hole, and went to bed in a berth occupied by a man who had drowned himself. The result was that persons who occupied the state-room were greatly terrified. Now, Mr. Editor, no ghost would do such a thing. If the man had been murdered by the occupant of the state-room, his ghost would have appeared; but no spirit would go into a place and frighten people for no reason whatever. Mr. Crawford must think we have very little to do. He will find out his mistake, Mr. Editor. When he has become a ghost, he will find plenty to occupy his attention.

With Mr. Lang I have not so much fault to find. Nevertheless, I am compelled to criticize him for writing a “Ballade of a Choice of Ghosts,” in which he says:

“Now, which are you anxious to see,  
A bogie, a sprite or a gnome?”

I desire to say to Mr. Lang that his ballade, though constructed with some cleverness and humor, is founded on a misapprehension. We do not give mortals any choice in the matter of our visitations. When we are going to appear, we appear, and that's all there is about it. Mr. Lang should bear this in mind in the future, and be prepared to meet any kind of ghost that happens to have a day off.

As for Mr. Stevenson, no words can express our disapprobation of the things he has made people do under ghostly influences. We regret this all the more, because we of the spirit world look upon Mr. Stevenson as one of the unique minds of the age, a writer gifted with rare fancy and a marvelous power of expression. We shall be extremely glad when he joins our circle.

I have no more to say on this subject, Mr. Editor, but trust that you will give the matter all the publicity you may think it deserves. By so doing you will insure yourself a warm reception when it comes your turn to join us. I send my name, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Yours very truly,  
P. P. P.

Secretary of the United Brotherhood of Ghosts.

## PUCK'S VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

A NEW novel has been called “The Troubled Heart.” We have not read it; but we presume he drew for a diamond. This sort of thing is calculated to trouble any heart that has feelings.

The author of a comic poem recently sent to this office from Arkansas writes to say that he made a mistake in one of his lines. For “cow” he should have written “calf.” He hopes it is not too late to make the correction. This shows that our Arkansas friend has a kind heart. Very few poets, indeed, are so thoughtful of the artistic taste of a waste-basket.

Mr. Thomas A. Janvier's “Mexican Guide” tells the wayfaring man how to get to the city of Mexico, how to live when there, how to reach other places of interest, and why they are interesting. There is enough “valuable information” to furnish the ordinary newspaper-correspondent material for Mexican letters for ten years; and if we don't mistake the average correspondent, he will promptly put Mr. Janvier on tap. A guide-book which is readable is rarer than an honest New York Alderman; but Mr. Janvier has made a readable book. We know of no Mexican guide-book so useful and well written as this. It is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Charles Lanman's “Hap-Hazard Personalities” is one of the modern books of Boswelliana. It sketches the author's usually slight relations with such Americans as Irving, Clay, Henry, Greeley, Longfellow, Everett, Scott, Cass, and a score of literary, political or artistic lights. Gossip about “men of mark” is always in demand, but we think that the author sheds more new light upon himself than on anybody else. He seems to have usually sent one of his pictures or books to the men aimed at, and then to have made the most of the acquaintance thus begun. He publishes letters of recommendation given him for a place which he didn't get, and letters speaking well of his books. There is a great deal of Lanman in this volume; but “Hap-Hazard Personalities” is a harmless work. It doesn't tax the reader's brain. Published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston; C. T. Dillingham, New York.

“Auber composed while riding on horseback,” says a musical paper. Probably composed gallops.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

# FRED BROWN'S GINGER

**WILL** Cure Cramp and  
**Colic.**

**WILL** relieve flatulence  
from over eating.

**WILL** serve better than  
mustard in a foot  
bath.

**Used on flannel instead  
of a Mustard Plaster,  
WILL** redden the skin;  
**WILL** NOT blister.

Cocaine is not put up  
in five sizes. 50¢ & \$1.00

## THE BEST HAIR DRESSING COCOINE

It kills Dandruff, promotes the  
Growth of the Hair, cures Scald Head  
and all Irritation of the Scalp.

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

*The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts  
consists in their perfect purity & great strength.*

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts  
is unparalleled.

GRIM Winter from the lap of Spring has slid, and where  
he sat

The hyacinth and the gentle tulip bloom;  
And now the small boy grubs for worms 'neath stable  
caves,

And draws the bamboo from the garret's gloom.  
In forest-streams the sly trout sports, and laughs the red-  
front perch,

While makes his bed the bream, in glist'ning sand,  
And so the small boy hookey plays, and in the lurch  
He leaves his books and scorns the teacher's hand—  
Aye, scorns it, though it grasp the keen and seasoned  
birch;

For who can tame wild youth when Spring stalks in  
the land?

—Macon Telegraph.

A LABOR UNION in New York threatens to  
boycott Delmonico's restaurant. Delmonico  
would soon have to shut up shop if the members  
of the Labor Unions were to refuse to take  
three-dollar lunches there now and then.—  
Norristown Herald.

A SHARP-SIGHTED observer is firm in the be-  
lief that a woman works harder and gets mad-  
der in putting up a clothes-line on a windy day  
than a man would do in building a telegraph  
nine miles long.—Chicago Rambler.

"THERE are two things which I positively  
will not eat for supper," said Gubbins.

"And what are they?" asked his friend.

"Breakfast and dinner," was the reply.—  
Dansville Breeze.

THE Chicago Socialists who favor the "abo-  
lition of private capital" would change their  
principles if they began to deposit their earn-  
ings in a savings-bank instead of a beer-shop.  
—Boston Herald.

THERE is nothing in the game of base-ball  
calculated to bring the blush of shame to the  
cheek of modesty, unless it is the decisions of  
the umpire.—Philadelphia Press.

A MAN must look up and be hopeful, particu-  
larly when he is trying to drink from a jug.—  
New Orleans Picayune.

Angostura Bitters is known as the great regulator of the  
digestive organs all over the world. Have it in your house. Ask  
your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by  
Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

**OUR HOMES**  
HOW TO HEAT & VENTILATE THEM.

New Edition of 96 pages, with additional  
matter, and illustrations of 43 of the finest  
residences in the country. A complete  
Manual on the subject of Sanitary Heating  
and Ventilating, besides giving valuable  
suggestions to those who are building or  
furnishing a home. The book is exceed-  
ingly artistic, and will be mailed free on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.  
SMITH & ANTHONY STOVE CO., Boston, Mass.

FROM "PUCK," APRIL 14th, 1886.



Merchants, Accountants, Artists and others  
who desire a SUPERIOR Pencil, can, by send-  
ing 16 cents to the EAGLE PENCIL CO.,  
N. Y., (mention Puck,) obtain samples of their  
Specially Prepared Grade (Patented),  
EAGLE GOLD.

Neither too Soft.

2 1/2

Neither too Hard.

ROUND OR HEXAGON.





## Arnold, Constable & Co.

### DRESS FABRICS.

Fresh assortment of DRESS GOODS suitable for Midsummer and Sea Side wear. Nun's Veilings, Albatross Cloths, Plain and Fancy Crepe de Chines, Gazes, Escorial Crepes, Lace Brocades, Gold and Silver Tinsel Effects for Evening Dresses, etc.

Just received a fine line of Lawn Tennis Suitings. 614

Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.

**LADIES** If you will send ten cents in stamps to the Mack Publishing Company, 528 Washington Street, New York, they will send you complete words of Mikado, and music of its most popular songs, and etchings of its principal characters, also ten exquisite chromo cards. Or for four cents they will send you two of their Beautiful Illustrated Ladies' Books, such as every lady of refinement should have to beautify their homes. 610

**EPPS'S**  
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.  
**COCOA** 507



A WELL-DRESSED GENTLEMAN  
Should have as a Toilet Adjunct the  
**HARVARD TROUSERS STRETCHER.**  
Three minutes' time will apply the Stretcher and give the garment an appearance of perfect freshness and newness. It takes out all wrinkles, all sagging from the knees, and puts a pair of Trousers in perfect shape. Lasts a life-time. Sent postpaid to any P. O. in U. S. on receipt of \$1.00.  
**RICHMOND SPRING CO.**  
595 132 Richmond Street, Boston.

WITH

**\$5**

YOU CAN SECURE A WHOLE  
**Imperial Austrian Government Bond,**  
ISSUE OF 1864.

These bonds are shares in a loan the interest of which is paid out in premiums three times yearly. Every bond is entitled to  
**THREE DRAWINGS ANNUALLY**  
until each and every bond is redeemed, with a larger or smaller premium. Every bond MUST draw one of the following premiums, as there are NO BLANKS.

Premiums.	Florins.	Florins.
3	150,000	450,000
3	20,000	60,000
3	10,000	30,000
6	5,000	30,000
6	2,000	12,000
9	1,000	9,000
120	400	48,000
7,500	200	1,500,000

Together 1,900 PREMIUMS, amounting to 2,189,000 FLORINS. The next redemption takes place on the

**FIRST OF JUNE,**

and every bond bought of us on or before the 1st of JUNE UNTIL 6 P. M. is entitled to the whole premium that may be drawn thereon on that date. Out-of-town orders sent in REGISTERED LETTERS and inclosing \$5 will secure one of these bonds for the next redemption.

For Bonds, Circulars, or any other information, call on or address

**INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO.,**  
160 Fulton Street, cor. Broadway, New York City.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1874.

The above Government Bonds are not to be compared with any Lottery whatsoever, as decided by the Court of Appeals, and do not conflict with any of the laws of the United States.

M. B.—In writing, please state that you saw this in the English PUCK.

EIGHTEEN thousand dollars is an enormous price to pay for a small peachblow vase, that's a fact; but look at the man who squanders \$30,000 on the flowing bowl, and all he has to show for it is a peachblow nose, not one-fourth the size of the vase aforesaid!—*Norristown Herald.*

THE innate modesty of newspaper-men is shown by the fact that a Texas editor killed three men the other day, and in alluding to the incident afterward acknowledged that he only tried to kill one.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"DO MAKE yourselves at home, ladies," said Mrs. Smith to her visitors: "I am at home myself, and sincerely wish you all were."—*Boston Post.*

"I AIM to tell the truth." "Yes," interrupted an acquaintance: "and you are probably the worst shot in the country."—*Unidentified Exchange.*

OF all the labor agitations, the most severe is that observed in the tramp when some one asks him to saw a few sticks of wood.—*Boston Post.*

THE new pattern Gatling-gun fires two hundred rounds in five seconds. If this does not mow down the enemy fast enough for you, you must introduce life-saving fire-escapes among them.—*Norristown Herald.*



## Cuticura

A  
**POSITIVE CURE**  
for every form of  
**SKIN and BLOOD**  
**DISEASE**  
FROM  
**PIMPLES to SCROFULA.**

**ECZEMA**, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unobstructed, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure.

Eczeema, Tetter, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Lichen, Pruritus, Scall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Scaly and Pimply Humors of the Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, when the best physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

**KIDNEY PAINS**, Strains and Weakness instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. New, elegant, infallible.

**CANDY** Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.  
Address **C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,**  
78 Madison St., Chicago.

## Good Complexion & Nice Hands.

NOTHING adds so much to personal attractions as a bright, clear complexion, and a soft skin. Without them the handsomest and most regular features are but coldly impressive, whilst with them the plainest become attractive; and yet there is no advantage so easily secured. The regular use of a properly prepared Soap is one of the chief means; but the Public have not the requisite knowledge of the manufacture of Soap to guide them to a proper selection, so a pretty box, a pretty colour, or an agreeable perfume too frequently outweigh the more important consideration, viz.: the composition of the Soap itself, and thus many a good complexion is marred which would be enhanced by proper care.

That most eminent authority on the Skin, the late

**Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S., LL.D.,**

Wrote in the *Journal of Cutaneous Medicine* :—



"THE use of a good Soap is certainly calculated to preserve the skin in health, to maintain its complexion and tone, and prevent its falling into wrinkles . . . PEAR'S is a name engraven on the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant'; and 'Pear's' Transparent Soap is an article of the nicest and 'most careful manufacture, and one of the most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin.'"

Persons whose skin is delicate or sensitive to changes in the weather, winter or summer, PEAR'S Transparent Soap is invaluable, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear appearance and soft velvety condition maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured. Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties, commend it as the greatest luxury and most elegant adjunct to the toilet.

**Testimonial from Madame Adelina Patti.**

"I HAVE found PEAR'S SOAP matchless for the Hands and Complexion."



*Adelina Patti.*

**TABLETS AND BALLS:**

Square Cakes, Round Shaving Sticks, PEAR'S Transparent Glycerine Soap, PEAR'S Unscented Transparent Soap.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers everywhere.

**PEAR'S SOAP** is sold everywhere, but INSIST on having PEAR'S as vilely-injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain, even by dealers who would be thought "respectable," some of whom attract the public into their shops or stores by marking PEAR'S SOAP at less than cost price, and then recommend some rubbish on which they get a large profit.



# ANGOSTURA



## BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops imparts delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.  
51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

**BAR-ROOM GLASSWARE  
AND  
FIXTURES.**

THE LARGEST STOCK. THE LOWEST PRICES.  
**EDWARD RORKE & CO.,** 593  
40 Barclay Street, New York.

## PHOSACID.

GOOD FOR NERVOUSNESS. EXCELLENT IN  
SODA WATER, OR MIXED WITH LIQUORS.  
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

MARTIN KALBFLEISCH'S SONS, N. Y. 619

**HIRES' IMPROVED ROOT BEER.**  
Packages 25c. Makes 5 gallons of a delicious, sparkling and wholesome beverage. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.  
C. E. HIRE, 48 N. DELAWARE AVE., Philadelphia, Pa.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all  
**STOMACH BITTERS,**  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
To be had in Quarts and Pints.

L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.  
78 John Street, New York.



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IMPORTERS OF

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## HUNGARIAN WINES,

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IMPORTED IN BOTTLES A SPECIALTY.

## TAPE WORM.

INFALLIBLY CURED with two spoons of medicine in two or three hours. For particulars address with stamp to  
H. EICKHORN, No. 6 St. Mark's Place, New York.

**PILES.** Instant relief. Final cure in 10 days, and never returns. No purge, no salve, no suppository. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing  
C. J. MASON, 78 Nassau Street, New York. 440

IF YOU ARE MARRIED, or contemplate taking this important step, we can send you information which you ought to know, and worth \$100. Valuable 16-page circular mailed free, by  
J. S. OGILVIE, 31 Rose Street, New York. 598

NOTICE.

Our attention has been called to the fact that certain persons in New York, Philadelphia and other cities are soliciting advertisements for interleaved copies of PUCK, which they profess to circulate in large numbers. Our advertisers are hereby notified that we have no connection with any such schemes, and are not responsible for any promises made by the persons referred to.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

SPREADING THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE."

It is denied that the Poles and Bohemians who died such horrible deaths after raiding a Chicago drug-store were poisoned. It seems that what they drank was pure water, and their unhappy stomachs drowned miserably in the strange and fatal element. Why wouldn't it be a good scheme to give Herr Most a bath, and thus save the expense of a trial?

A RUDE BOY in Augusta, Me., rubbed his poor old father's false teeth with phosphorous the other night, and set them in the front window to scare the passers-by. Two or three women shrieked and fainted, one man threw his umbrella through the window, and the next day the innocent old man went around working his jaws and making faces at himself, and saying that "his mouth tasted like as if he'd swallowed a box of matches."

A SCENE-PAINTER'S Outfit and a Carpenter's Tool-Chest were hurrying down street when they met a Toiling Dramatist. "Out of the way," they said, haughtily, as the Toiling Dramatist bared his head and Bowed Low: "We are going down to the Lumber-Yard to get a New American Play." "But," pleaded the Toiling Dramatist: "here is one I have just written. The Heroine is a Pure Young Girl—" "That settles it," they said, harshly: "It's a Domestic Production. What we want is an American Play that is Purely English, and hasn't a throb of any other Sort of Purity in the whole Five Acts, and we can Make it Ourselves. Away, Slight Manager!" And trampling over his Prostrate Form, they got their Lumber and Canvas in twenty-four hours, sawed out a play which they filled with Circus Posters and run every night for Two Years. Moral.—The Race is not Always to the Swift, but sometimes to the Fellow who Cuts across the Course and Gets There.

AN American scientist tries to sound an alarm by declaring that the ivory in Central Africa

will give out in fifteen years. Go to, thou of the empty head, go to! Go two or three. Not in one hundred and fifty years will it give out. Are not our celluloid manufactories more than self-sustaining? We can send ivory to Africa.

AND now cometh the United Order of Amalgamated Night-Watch and join the noble band of strikers. They are willing to sleep ten hours, but demand daylight during all their hours of duty. And they say they will die before they compromise. The coal miners, we understand, are going to insist upon doing all of their work on top of the ground, like the farmers.

THE hens—bless 'em—out West are beginning already to lay eggs distinctly marked with the names of Presidential candidates for 1888. The fact that some of the names are ancient as the rock-ribbed hills indicates, as our late friend from Stratford puts it, that something is rotten in the state of Henmark.

THE Chicago Socialists beg that they may be put to death rather than sentenced to hard labor. Perhaps they realize that six days' work would kill them all. Or, they may be smart enough to know that when a murderer is sentenced to death he has nine chances in ten for going entirely free.—R. J. Burdette.

**WATERBURY WATCH 9**  
Key. Wins a Waterbury in 20 seconds, saves and adds 10 hours to a year. FREE by mail for 9c. 2 for 15c., 3 for 25c., 6 for 50c., 12 for 75c.  
J. H. W. WATERBURY, 7 S. Charles St. Baltimore, Md. 630

**YOU CAN DEPEND UPON  
WHEAT BAKING POWDER.** 618

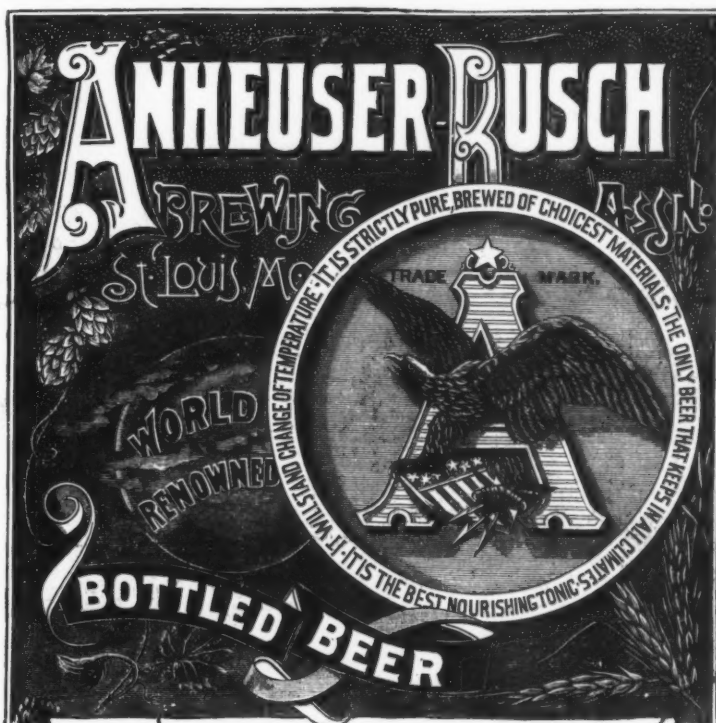
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Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.  
Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

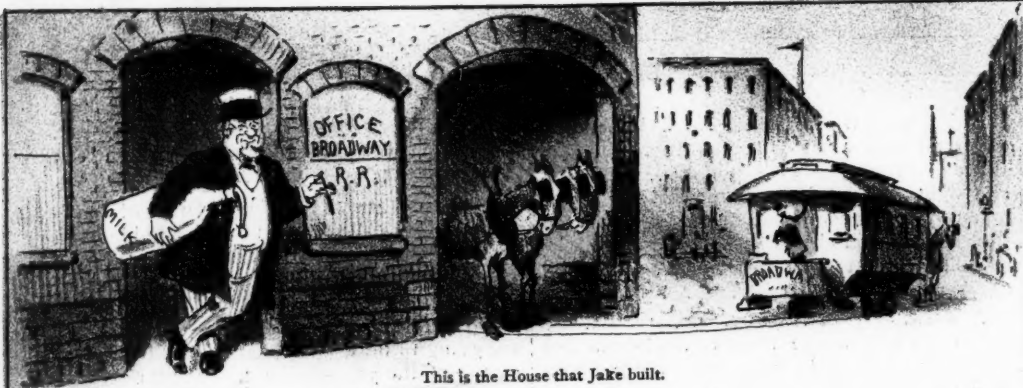
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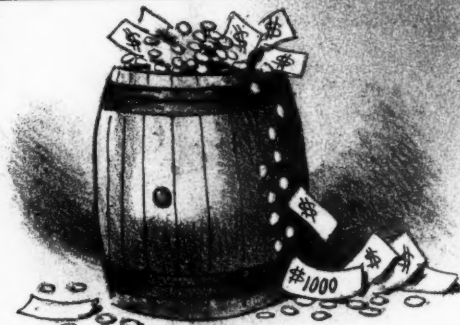


Lager Beer

**EDEN MUSEE.** 55 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET. Open from 11 to 11. Admission, 50 cents. Sunday, Admission, 25 cents. Latest Additions: MR. JAY GOULD and T. V. POWDERLY.



This is the House that Jake built.



This is the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



These are the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



This is the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



This is the Lawyer that worried the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



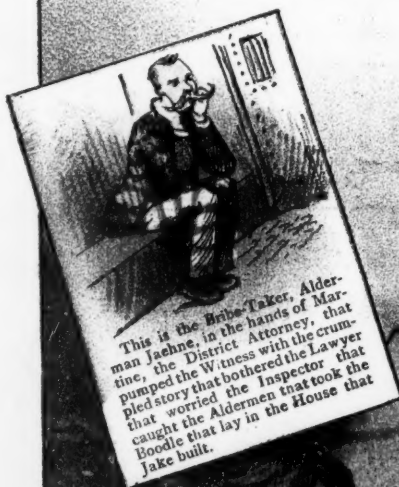
This is the Witness with the crumpled story that bothered the Lawyer that worried the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



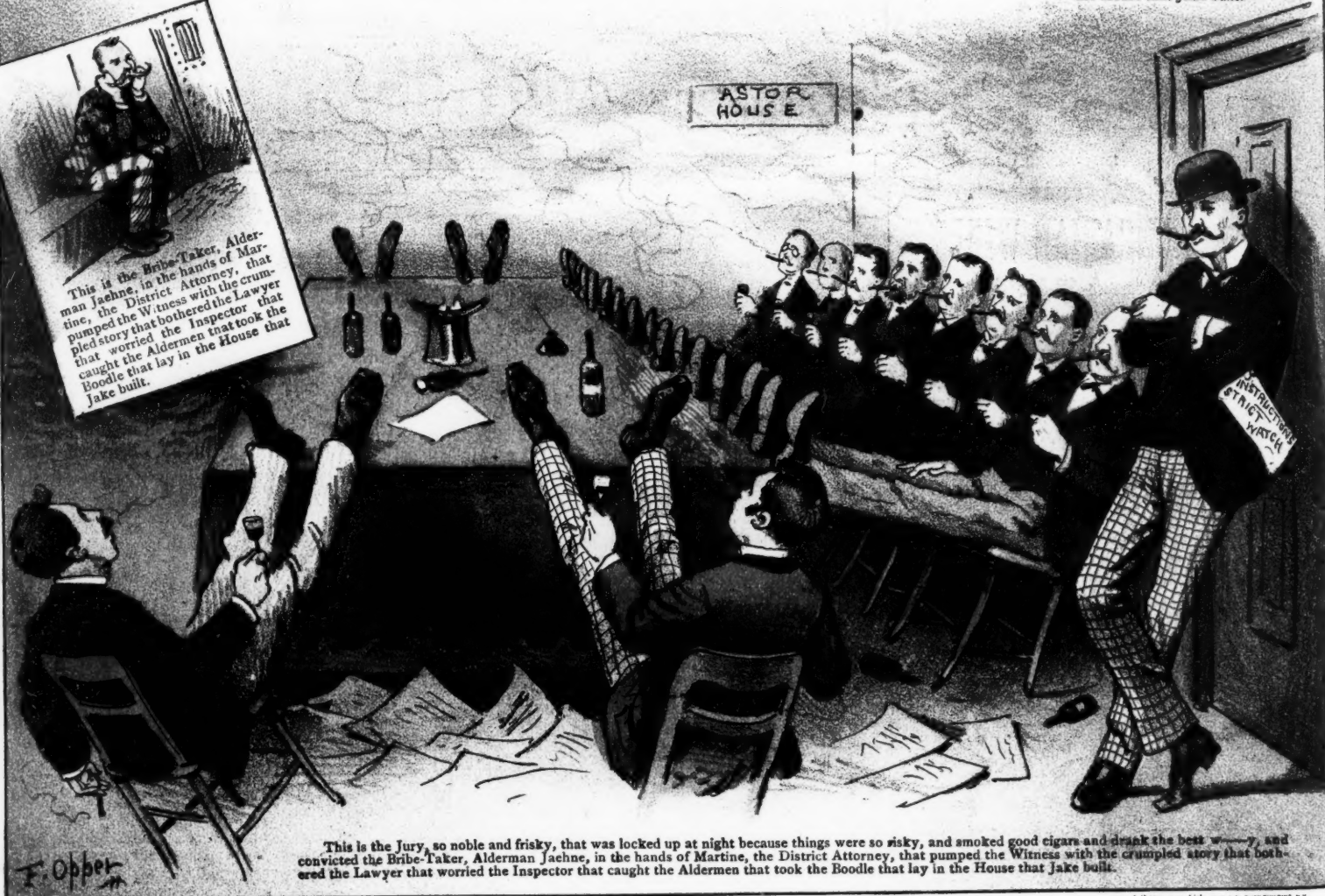
This is Martine, the District Attorney, that pumped the Witness with the crumpled story that bothered the Lawyer that worried the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



This is Moloney, so crooked and slippery, that fled from Martine, the District Attorney, that pumped the Witness with the crumpled story that bothered the Lawyer that worried the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



This is the Bribe-Taker, Alderman Jaehne, in the hands of Martine, the District Attorney, that pumped the Witness with the crumpled story that bothered the Lawyer that worried the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.



This is the Jury, so noble and frisky, that was locked up at night because things were so risky, and smoked good cigars and drank the best wine, and convicted the Bribe-Taker, Alderman Jaehne, in the hands of Martine, the District Attorney, that pumped the Witness with the crumpled story that bothered the Lawyer that worried the Inspector that caught the Aldermen that took the Boodle that lay in the House that Jake built.